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THE rockwell report...

EXTRA

EICHMANN SPEAKS!

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official publication

The ROCKWELL REPORT is a twice-a-month Washington newsletter published at 928 North Randolph Street, Arlington, Virginia, USA. 50¢ per single copy. Ten dollars per year. Eleven Dollars Overseas and Canada. Thirteen dollars, Air Mail.... Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Clippings and news items welcomed..

The expose of YAF (Young Americans for Freedom), which was on the presses for this issue of the Rockwell Report was hastily yanked off when we received by registered mail from overseas the amazing document which we reprint herewith.

The document itself consists of 14 sheets of crude toilet paper upon which Adolf Eichmann has written the most damning indictment of his Jewish tormentors ever to be smuggled out of a prison.

The sheets were smuggled first into Lebanon, thence to Germany where those who received them felt that the only chance for bringing them to public light was to get them to us. (It is a penitentiary criminal offense in Germany to criticize a Jew, no matter how guilty he may be.) They were translated by our German friends and sent in double-sealed envelopes by registered mail, and they are now in a safety deposit box in the vaults of our bank in Washington.

The Jews will, of course, "explain" this deadly document by saying it is a "fake". We are too poor and hard-pressed to supply the scientific evidence that these sheets indeed came out of Eichmann's dungeon in Israel, but we do know the source and can vouch for their absolute integrity. Most important of all, the reader can judge for himself the utter logicalness of the documents and he will see, as we have, that there is the unmistakable ring of authenticity to them. If they were "faked" they would undoubtedly be much more "loaded" with propaganda.

But they are not "loaded".

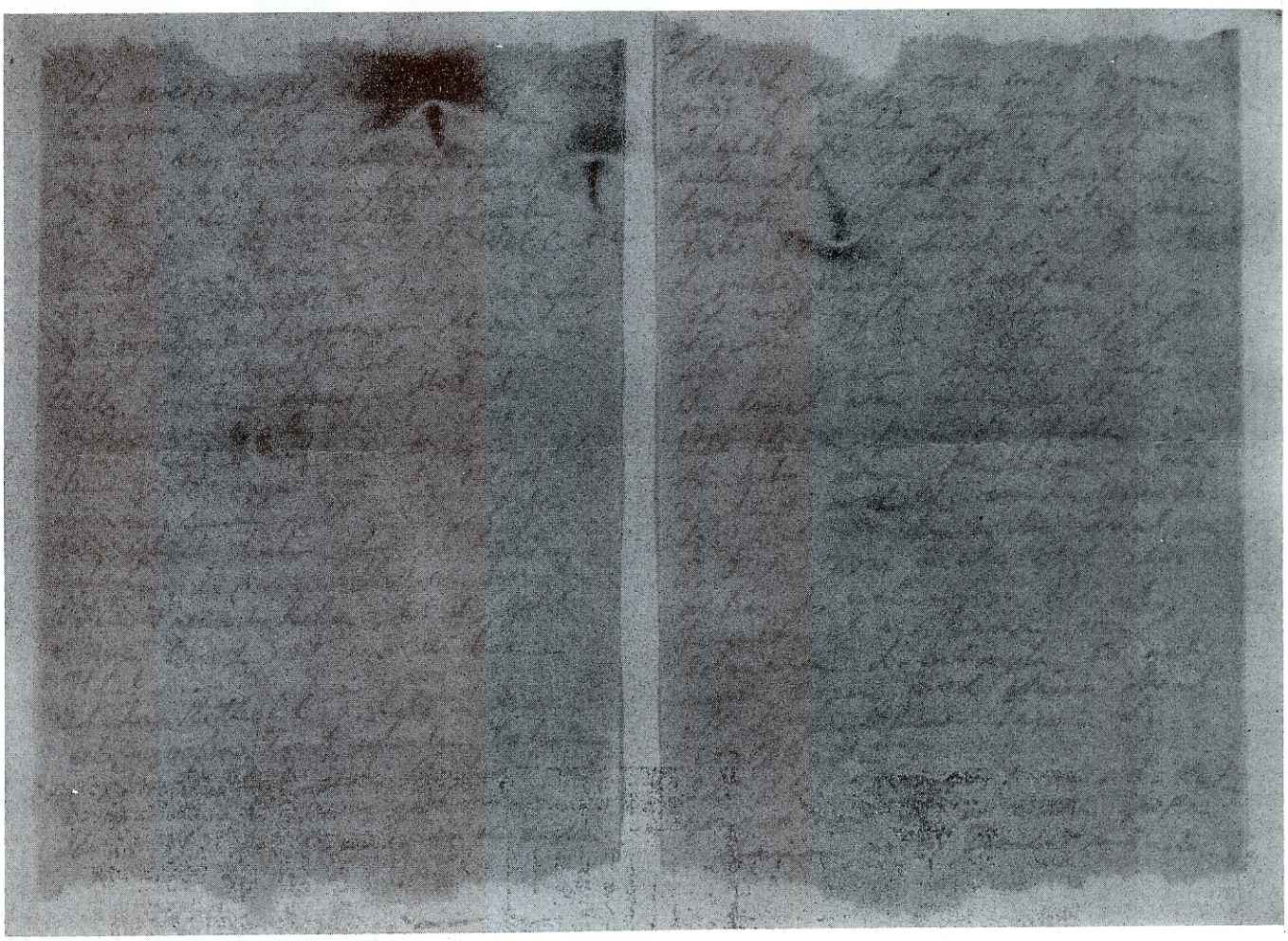
They are the simple, stark and nightmarish story of one man who is being used by the world's master criminals and liars to "prove" the world's biggest big lie.

We have copied the English translation of the documents sent to us from Germany exactly as it was written - word for word.

We sincerely believe this is one the greatest human documents ever written by the hand of man.

We will say no more about its authenticity except to print photographs of the pitiful little sheets of paper and the translation of them.

Read it - and then tell us it is all lies.



Actual Photographs of Some of the Sheets Smuggled out of Eichmann's Dungeon

I do not know, whether I will get this out or whether it will be of any use. But I cannot bear that my dear family or my German people believe in that, what is being prepared as truth about them or me.

The only possibility for writing this is during the few minutes that I am allowed to use the closet-bucket in ma cell. With the back to the guard I write a few lines upon closet-paper. I cannot say how the sheets will be smuggled out, if we are lucky, but I have found that we have friends even on strange places, and the money of other friends is an effective lever.

I am Catholic and have found great solace in my religion, though any contact with a priest is of course refused to me. My catchpoles do trust nobody except the fanatical zionistic Jews, who are here, for fear that the truth will come out.

But I believe, the good God will never let last such hatred and lies. One day the world will know the truth.

On May 12, 1960 I was seized by a gang of Israelis, which kept me down till I was unconscious.

I remember to nothing more, will I gradually become conscious at a glaring light and great head-pains. I would start, but I was buckled on a table and many masked surgeons were staring at me. I tried to cry, but could get out no sound. Then I felt a needle in my arm and sagged away.

When I became conscious again, I was naked in a little steel-box pressed, in which I could neither stand nor lie nor sit. On all 4 sides there were thick windows, through which stared the faces of the Jewish guards. I do not know how long I remained in this little box, but it were several days. The agony was indescribable. The cramps in the limbs and muscels were terrible and my state changed between unconsciousness and screeming agony. The heat was pastendurance, but besides the frantic thirst I noticed it hardly because of the pains of the cramps. There were no food nor water during all the formidable days in the steelbox.

At last I would taken out of the box and brought in a big room with cement-walls, where I was buckled in a chair. Glaring reflectors dazzled me into the eyes. By a forceful loudspeaker immediately on my ear I was asked in guttural German. I tried to beg for water, but could hardly speak. I twitched on the whole body. They took me out of the chair and brought me in a cool bed, where I got water and a kind of warm porridge. I slept a little, I do not know how long, and then they brought me, still naked, back into the cement-room with the reflectors, the loud-speakers and the steel-chair.

Again the loudspeaker boomed into my ear.

"Adolf Eichmann!" snarled the voice, "you have murdered 6 million Jews. Tell the truth and purify your soul!"

I tried to deny that but the loudspeaker over-boomed me always.

"Confess! confess!" again and again. For hours the same accusations, the same demands, to confess and to "purify" me.

Hours after hours. I became again unconscious. Rest in bed, soup, then back naked, into the chair with the loudspeakers in my ear and the reflectors in my eyes. When I already twitched so violently that even the few hours rest did not help any longer, I was brought into a little room, with a clean bed, chair and table with a dish with a kind of porridge and some milk. I managed to eat something and to drink and then lay exhausted in bed. On the chair besides me sat all times a guard.

I fell asleep and after a long sleep I was awaked by a man who was called "Boris". He held a striped suit in his hand, as they were worn by the prisoners in the concentration camps. "Put on," he said, and I did. Then he send the guard out and sat on the chair. He ordered me to sit up.

He said nothing for a long time, and stared only at me with accusing eyes, and smoked cigarett after cigarett. At last, when I felt somewhat more strongly, I asked for some solid food and water.

"When you have written the truth," he said.

"What about?" I asked.

"You must confess!" he said, at which he stamped out his cigaret. "You will be well off, when you have purified yourself, when you have told the world the truth!"

I asked him, what I had to confess, but all he said, was:

"6 million murdered Jews! Think of your guilt!"

For a long time I could not believe that they meant seriously to demand, I or anybody else had murdered 6 million men! We have executed many traitors and many criminals, but even those did not add up even to one million. It was too fantastically.

But then Boris became brutal. "Then you must TRY to remember!" and he called 2 huge guards, which tore me off the suit and threw me again into the little steelbox.

I do not know how long I was in the fearful little box, with the heat and the glaring light, at intervals periods of rest and with food. And again and

again I was ordered in the same way, to "purify" myself to tell the "truth", "Confess!"

When I had nearly lost my mind in the endless agony, I tried to "confess".

I said, I had murdered the 6 million Jews. But that seemed only to irritate them.

"Tell it ALL!" roared the loudspeaker again and again.

But I did not at all know what I should say. All one what I said, it was not enough and not that what they wanted. "Tell it ALL!" again and again boomed the same words in my ear. Than back again into the steel-box.

I tried to tell terrible stories of my "guilt", but they were only disposed of as "Lies". "Tell the truth! tell it ALL!"

I exerted myself to compose more clevere lies and at once changed the questions. No man in a normal world can imagine, but I was really happy that I had made some kind of "progress" in the nightmare.

"Where? How many Jews have you gassed at Auschwitz? How many at Maidanek? Tell it ALL! Tell the TRUTH!"

When the invisible questioner had got something that corresponded to their wishes, I was brought back to the little room and got food and rest. But most of the time I came into the terrible steel-box, which I feared more than anyone can imagine on the whole.

I was scolded like a little boy, because I kept back with the "truth".

I did never know what "truth" they wanted, and when they began to bring me back to the steel-box, I tried desperately to satisfy them and screemed my willingness "to tell it all" - against my better knowledge. I daresay that no man and be he as brav as ever, can resist such a outpuzzled torture for weeks and months. I was entirely without an own will. I agreed to every suggestion that was made to me. Me came only thoughts, to seek desperately for the "truth" that they wanted to hear, and when I had reached some "succes" by this, a few hours rest outside the box, I was really happy, so unbelievable (incredible) it may seem. I remembered what they had liked, and tried to produce more "confessions" of this kind. But the nightmare went on and on, for times without end. Then they brought me into the little room with the bed, and there I found a huge, hairy gorilla of man waiting upon me. He seized me and flung me to the floor with big force and brutality. There I lay, twitching helplessly, as I twitch still now. Then he seized me by the neck and tore me up like a doll. "Now say the truth!" he snarled, "We will you hand, Adolf Eichmann, and you can quite as well tell it all and purify yourself."

He shook me as a terrier shakes a rat.

I do not understand what happened then, and cannot explain it anyhow, but I was overflowed by the most overwhelming feeling of love for this hideous monster. More than anything else I wished to satisfy him. He hurled me about in the most brutal and cruel way, but the more he inflicted pain on me, the more I worshipped him, his huge, hairy arms, his power and force. I was quite mad and all in me perverted after the endless torture. The hairy man coached me exact details of the "truth", and I was even grateful to him for this. I was anxious to "remember" everything he said.

"200 000 at Auschwitz in 1942!" he snarled. "Yes! Yes!" I replied serious and glad, "we send them in trains."

"Without food and water!" he snarled.

"Yes, many died and we threw them out of the trains!"

"You have gassed them!"

"Yes, we have gassed them. 6 million."

"In gas-chambers!"

"In gas-chambers, yes! At Auschwitz, Maidanek, Treblenka!"

So it went on and I believed it even myself.

No man, who is not worked on so devilish as I am worked on through those month, will understand that. But I ask the German people to believe me, when I say that I did not know what I said. I am no traitor and no monster, regardless what they may have said.

I had to write it all down and to sign every page. I was shocked at the terrible things which I should have done! 6 Million! 6 million men!

But then they worked me on to the "truth", that not I am guilty on this 6 million, but Hitler and the other leaders.

I was extremely happy to believe that I have not ordered those "crimes" myself. And I was grateful by full heart to the hairy man who helped me to purify myself. When I because of the exhaustion was quite unable to speak and to write. I was chained to a wall in a cell, with 2 guards which were always besides me. Daily came the big hairy man with my food and asked me detailed about my "guilt". Again and again we rehearsed it. When I faltered I was shaken brutally and got nothing to eat and to drink. When I rehearsed it exactly in all details, I was allowed to fall back in my iron berth and rest, full of gratitude to the big man. I nearly was going to adore this hairy monster.

This went on for months, till I was role-perfect in all details of my "guilt" and the "guilt" of the German people. I believed really, we had murdered 6 million Jews, and that I had done this upon order from Hitler Himmler and the others.

Little by little I got better clothes and at last a suit. The twitching ceased, except on my mouth, whereas it now again becomes worse.

They brought in a man, of whom they said, he was my lawyer that would me help. He was surprised at my story and satisfied when he let me rehearse it in all details with the big man.

The lawyer came every day with the big man. He talked to me and said, I should emphasize that I had only murdered the Jews on order. I said, that was the TRUTH, because I then really believed it. Then one day I was brought into a kind of auditorium and sat into a glass-case with 2 guards behind me and one microphone before me. They put me on earphones and pointed to the middle of the stage. There sat the big, hairy man with others in black robes. I was terrible glad to see him.

Then came the voice of the lawyer in the earphones, and he put me the questions. I knew the answers by heart. I could not hear my voice outside the glass-cage, and I saw around the corner of the stage a man on a switch-board. He had his hand on a switch and now and then he switched it up. Then I heard nothing any longer.

When I got accustomed to this, the big hairy man said to me through the earphones, when I did not say the "truth", they would switch out and and bring me back into the steel-box. I began to twitch again and said that I sould say the truth, the WHOLE truth.

I feared more to displease the big hairy man than to come back into the box.

Every day I was brought in the big auditorium and I told the story of my "guilt" in the microphone. Sometimes I mentioned that I would not again into the box, and the switch was turned up.

The big man scolded me like a bad schoolboy, and I twiched for terror. I was terrible ashamed and endeavoured still more as before to make no mistakes. The big man and the lawyer were the only men, whom I saw and who spoke to me, and I could not bear that they bore me ill.

The sessions in the auditorium became attended by more people. New and strange men asked me, but I saw always the big man. He sat himself with further people into the auditory, when I was bombarded with questions. Lights flashed up everywhere, and once came all the people rushed to me when I made a mistake and mentioned the steel-box, before I could catch myself. But the big man stood before the glass-cage and held them off of me, and I loved him still more.

Every day when I had finished, he brought me back into my cell. Sometimes there was the lawyer and scolded me for making mistakes, and I was very ashamed. Then the men in the black robes and another in front began to speak to me, but I could hear them only seldom in my earphones. There was always the big man and I knew what he wanted that I should say. Fir a time there were no mistakes. Then it seems to be all over, and they brought me into the cell, where I have written this. The big man disappeared, instead there came Jewish guards which were sadistic beyond imagination. Once two of them held me down on the ground, whilst a third kept shut my nose and a fourth very ugly Jew urinated into my mouth, at which he screemed mad for laughing, as I have never heard any man. All spit at me and threw me regularly the contents of my closet-bucket in my face, when I tried to hand it out in order to being emptied it. Once they forced me to eat the excrements. But even during this base treatment my spirit gradually recovered, as the sessions into the box had ceased and the big hairy man was gone.

I do not know, how they have used my "confessions", but I know their diabolic genius in propaganda and lies from the press in Germany before 1933, and afterwards abroad.

I do not doubt that they now use me to "prove" to the world that we have slaughtered innocent men, what we very certainly not have done. We have freed the German people from the Jewish Communism and from many traitors, but innocent Jews and even many guilty Jews went freely out of Germany to Britain and other countries, particularly to America, even still during the war. They boast themselves towards me that they will not hang me, as example of Jewish "grace" although they until recently have said the reverse.

But when such monstrous lies and crimes shall rule the world, when the Jewish Communism and Zionism shall be the last conquerors over mankind, then I do not wish to be in this world. I will take my life at the first opportunity, but at first I will take care that this comes safely out to convince my people that I am no coward and no traitor.

I am not allowed to see anyone and know nothing what is going on.

But when they do what I think they do, then let this message serve, to flung their lies into their faces. Perhaps this last outrage will awake the peoples of the world that they join the inslaved German People and make and end to those infernal torturors of humanity. I have not done what they have brought me to "confess", but after all this I cannot help to wish, I had done it. And I fear, the fate of humanity depends upon the extermination of the Jewish and other traitors to the humanity.

Heil Hitler
Adolf Eichmann
SS-Obersturmbannfuhrer

EICHMANN REPRINTS AVAILABLE

I have copywrited this issue of the Rockwell Report only to prevent the Jews or unscrupulous persons from perverting and misusing a great and tragic message. But I have no objection to any legitimate organization or honest individual reprinting this material strictly to get the message out and not for profit. We owe it to Adolf Eichmann and our brutally persecuted German friends to spread this deadly truth. But we do not intend to permit anybody - including those in the right-wing - to PROFITEER on this heart-breaking document.

Those wishing to reprint Eichmann's letter may do so at no cost after obtaining our consent. We urge those who still love justice and truth to help spread this powerful document far and wide.

We will quote special low rates for large quantity orders of reprints of the Eichmann document upon request.

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Anti-Nazi Bill Wrecked

Byrd Group Scuttles Mann Bill To Revoke Charter of Nazi Party

By a Star Staff Writer

RICHMOND, Feb. 2.—The Byrd organization's "screening committee" sprang to life in the General Assembly yesterday and sidetracked a bill by Delegate Harrison Mann of Arlington to revoke the charter of the American Nazi Party.

The Mann bill would have revoked the charter of the American Nazi Party which lists its headquarters in his home county. Only two days before, the House General Laws Committee had unanimously reported favorably on the bill.

Mr. Mann said many persons misunderstood why this type of organization exists in Virginia which grants charters automatically.

Without advance warning, Delegate James M. Thomson of Alexandria, offered amendments to include the NAACP, its legal defense fund and the Communist Party, with the ban.

A running debate that followed led to a move by House General Laws Committee Chairman A. H. Richardson to send the bill back to his committee. The House agreed by an overwhelming voice vote.

During a brief House floor battle before the screening committee went into action, Mr. Thomson called the bill "ridiculous."

Mr. Thomson urged the legislators to approve the floor amendments banning other groups "to show just how ridiculous this bill is" and then defeat the whole measure.

Mr. Thomson recalled the Assembly's bitter struggles in the past with the NAACP—he once was chairman of a committee that investigated racial affairs.

"At no time did any member introduce legislation to take away their (the NAACP) charter," he said. "We did attempt to limit them but we did not try to take away their charter.

"I know how unpopular they (the American Nazis) are and what crackpots they are. I'm ashamed of them, and I'm ashamed of the NAACP."

Among many other activities and triumphs, the Nazi Party won a most significant victory last week when the Virginia legislature killed an attempt by Jew toadies and liberals to outlaw the American Nazi Party by special legislation. The clipping we reproduce herewith is almost self-explanatory.

The louder the Jews scream about us, while they either maintain absolute silence about Communist outrages or actually encourage them, the faster people awaken to the real nature of most of America's Jews. The New York Daily News, for instance, has printed 50 to 100 letters from readers who ask how come all the fuss about the Nazis speaking in Union Square when the Communists speak there every day without any Jew riots or protests.

This effective technique of the American Nazi Party is beginning to be understood by the right-wing at long, long last.

Box 1381, Arlington, Virginia, USA:
Gentlemen:

Please send me The Rockwell Report for ___ One Year, _____ months.

I enclose $_____($10 per year) or $_____ for _____ months(at $1. per month.)

Name_____

Address_____

Note: Foreign and Canada, add 10% for postage. Air Mail, (year only), $13.00

EICHMANN SPEAKS!

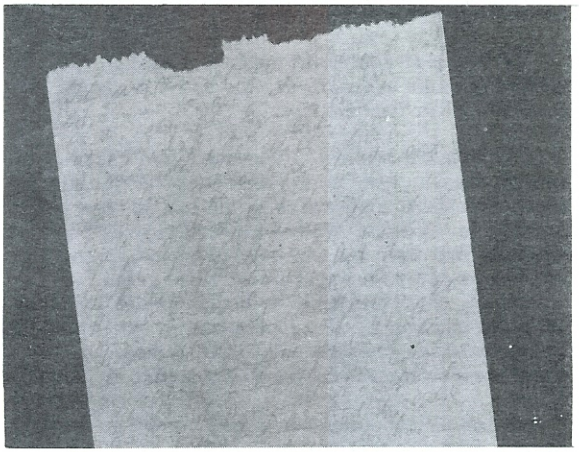
Copyright, 1962, American Nazi Party, Inc.

At the right we reproduce photographically the first sheet of 14 similar pitiful little sheets of crude toilet paper on which Adolf Eichmann has written the TRUE story of what happened to him since he was seized by the Jews in May 1960. These sheets were smuggled out of Eichmann's Israeli dungeon to Lebanon, thence to Germany where they were translated into English exactly as we have printed the words below.

We have submitted the documents to Washington's largest newspaper where we permitted samples of the paper to be taken and the signature photographed. But, as might be expected, the Jew-dominated press insists these documents are "forgeries".

YOU be the judge.

Read these harrowing lines. Recall the FACTS of Eichmann's kidnapping and Israeli disregard for law - and then tell US these tragic documents are "lies".



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But I believe, the good God will never let last such hatred and lies. One day the world will know the truth.

On May 12, 1960 I was seized by a gang of Israelis, which kept me down till I was unconscious.

I remember to nothing more, will I gradually become conscious at a glaring light and great head-pains. I would start, but I was buckled on a table and many masked surgeons were staring at me. I tried to cry, but could get out no sound. Then I felt a needle in my arm and sagged away.

When I became conscious again, I was naked in a little steel-box pressed, in which I could neither stand nor lie nor sit. On all 4 sides there were thick windows, through which stared the faces of the Jewish guards. I do not know how long I remained in this little box, but it were several days. The agony was indescribable. The cramps in the limbs and muscels were terrible and my state changed between unconsciousness and screeming agony. The heat was pastendurance, but besides the frantic thirst I noticed it hardly because of the pains of the cramps. There were no food nor water during all the formidable days in the steelbox.

At last I would taken out of the box and brought in a big room with cement-walls, where I was buckled in a chair. Glaring reflectors dazzled me into the eyes. By a forceful loudspeaker immediately on my ear I was asked in guttural German. I tried to beg for water, but could hardly speak. I twitched on the whole body. They took me out of the chair and brought me in a cool bed, where I got water and a kind of warm porridge. I slept a little, I do not know how long, and then they brought me, still naked, back into the cement-room with the reflectors, the loud-speakers and the steel-chair.

Again the loudspeaker boomed into my ear.

"Adolf Eichmann!" snarled the voice, "you have murdered 6 million Jews. Tell the truth and purify your soul!"

I tried to deny that but the loudspeaker overboomed me always.

"Confess! confess!" again and again. For hours the same accusations, the same demands, to confess and to "purify" me.

Hours after hours. I became again unconscious. Rest in bed, soup, then back naked, into the chair with the loudspeakers in my ear and the reflectors in my eyes. When I already twitched so violently that even the few hours rest did not help any longer, I was brought into a little room, with a clean bed, chair and table with a dish with a kind of porridge and some milk. I managed to eat something and to drink and then lay exhausted in bed. On the chair besides me sat all times a guard.

I fell asleep and after a long sleep I was awaked by a man who was called "Boris". He held a striped suit in his hand, as they were worn by the prisoners in the concentration camps. "Put on," he said, and I did. Then he send the guard out and sat on the chair. He ordered me to sit up.

He said nothing for a long time, and stared only at me with accusing eyes, and smoked cigarett after cigarett. At last, when I felt somewhat more strongly, I asked for some solid food and water.

"When you have written the truth," he said.

"What about?" I asked.

"You must confess!" he said, at which he stamped out his cigaret. "You will be well off, when you have purified yourself, when you have told the world the truth!"

I asked him, what I had to confess, but all he said, was:

"6 million murdered Jews! Think of your guilt!"

For a long time I could not believe that they meant seriously to demand, I or anybody else had murdered 6 million men! We have executed many traitors and many criminals, but even those did not add up even to one million. It was too fantastically.

But then Boris became brutal. "Then you must TRY to remember!" and he called 2 huge guards, which tore me off the suit and threw me again into the little steelbox.

I do not know how long I was in the fearful little box, with the heat and the glaring light, at intervals periods of rest and with food. And again and again I was ordered in the same way, to "purify" myself to tell the "truth", "Confess!"

When I had nearly lost my mind in the endless agony, I tried to "confess".

I said, I had murdered the 6 million Jews. But that seemed only to irritate them.

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I exerted myself to compose more clevere lies and at once changed the questions. No man in a normal world can imagine, but I was really happy that I had made some kind of "progress" in the nightmare.

"Where? How many Jews have you gassed at Auschwitz? How many at Maidanek? Tell it ALL! Tell the TRUTH!"

When the invisible questioner had got something that corresponded to their wishes, I was brought back to the little room and got food and rest. But most of the time I came into the terrible steelbox, which I feared more than anyone can imagine on the whole.

I was scolded like a little boy, because I kept back with the "truth".

I did never know what "truth" they wanted, and when they began to bring me back to the steel-box, I tried desperately to satisfy them and screemed my willingness "to tell it all" - against my better knowledge. I daresay that no man and be he as brav as ever, can resist such a outpuzzled torture for weeks and months. I was entirely without an own will. I agreed to every suggestion that was made to me. Me came only thoughts, to seek desperately for the "truth" that they wanted to hear, and when I had

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"200 000 at Auschwitz in 1942!" he snarled. "Yes! Yes!" I replied serious and glad, "we send them in trains."

"Without food and water!" he snarled.

"Yes, many died and we threw them out of the trains!"

"You have gassed them!"

"Yes, we have gassed them. 6 million."

"In gas-chambers!"

"In gas-chambers, yes! At Auschwitz, Maidanek, Treblenka!"

So it went on and I believed it even myself.

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Little by little I got better clothes and at last a suit. The twitching ceased, except on my mouth, whereas it now again becomes worse.

They brought in a man, of whom they said, he was my lawyer that would me help. He was surprised at my story and satisfied when he let me rehearse it in all details with the big man.

The lawyer came every day with the big man. He talked to me and said, I should emphasize that I had only murdered the Jews on order. I said, that was the TRUTH, because I then really believed it. Then one day I was brought into a kind of auditorium and sat into a glass-case with 2 guards behind me and one microphone before me. They put me on earphones and pointed to the middle of the stage. There sat the big, hairy man with others in black robes. I was terrible glad to see him.

Then came the voice of the lawyer in the earphones, and he put me the questions. I knew the answers by heart. I could not hear my voice outside the glass-cage, and I saw around the corner of the stage a man on a switch-board. He had his hand on a switch and now and then he switched it up. Then I heard nothing any longer.

When I got accustomed to this, the big hairy man said to me through the earphones, when I did not say the "truth", they would switch out and and bring me back into the steel-box. I began to twitch again and said that I sould say the truth, the WHOLE truth.

I feared more to displease the big hairy man than to come back into the box.

Every day I was brought in the big auditorium and I told the story of my "guilt" in the microphone. Sometimes I mentioned that I would not again into the box, and the switch was turned up.

The big man scolded me like a bad schoolboy, and I twiched for terror. I was terrible ashamed and endeavoured still more as before to make no mistakes. The big man and the lawyer were the only men, whom I saw and who spoke to me, and I could not bear that they bore me ill.

The sessions in the auditorium became attended by more people. New and strange men asked me, but I saw always the big man. He sat himself with further people into the auditory, when I was bombarded with questions. Lights flashed up everywhere, and once came all the people rushed to me when I made a mistake and mentioned the steel-box, before I could catch myself. But the big man stood before the glass-cage and held them off of me, and I loved him still more.

Every day when I had finished, he brought me back into my cell. Sometimes there was the lawyer and scolded me for making mistakes, and I was very ashamed. Then the men in the black robes and another in front began to speak to me, but I could hear them only seldom in my earphones. There was always the big man and I knew what he wanted that I should say. Fir a time there were no mistakes. Then it seems to be all over, and they brought me into the cell, where I have written this. The big man disappeared, instead there came Jewish guards which were sadistic beyond imagination. Once two of them held me down on the ground, whilst a third kept shut my nose and a fourth very ugly Jew urinated into my mouth, at which he screemed mad for laughing, as I have never heard any man. All spit at me and threw me regularly the contents of my closet-bucket in my face, when I tried to hand it out in order to being emptied it. Once they forced me to eat the excrements. But even during this base treatment my spirit gradually recovered, as the sessions into the box had ceased and the big hairy man was gone.

I do not know, how they have used my "confessions", but I know their diabolic genius in propaganda and lies from the press in Germany before 1933, and afterwards abroad.

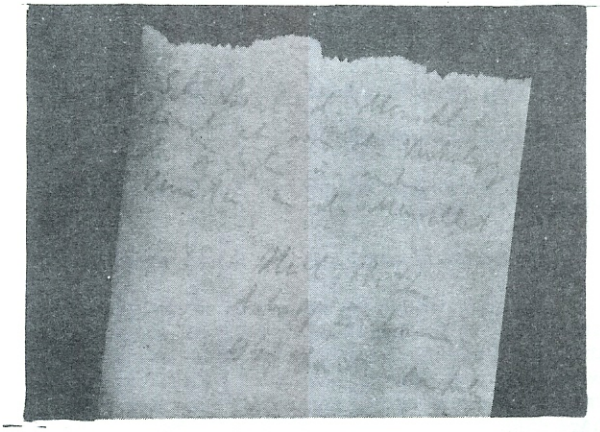
I do not doubt that they now use me to "prove" to the world that we have slaughtered innocent men, what we very certainly not have done. We have freed the German people from the Jewish Communism and from many traitors, but innocent Jews and even many guilty Jews went freely out of Germany to Britain and other countries, particularly to America, even still during the war. They boast themselves towards me that they will not hang me, as example of Jewish "grace" although they until recently have said the reverse.

But when such monstrous lies and crimes shall rule the world, when the Jewish Communism and Zionism shall be the last conquerors over mankind, then I do not wish to be in this world. I will take my life at the first opportunity, but at first I will take care that this comes safely out to convince my people that I am no coward and no traitor.

I am not allowed to see anyone and know nothing what is going on.

But when they do what I think they do, then let this message serve, to flung their lies into their faces. Perhaps this last outrage will awake the peoples of the world that they join the inslaved German People and make and end to those infernal torturors of humanity. I have not done what they have brought me to "confess", but after all this I cannot help to wish, I had done it. And I fear, the fate of humanity depends upon the extermination of the Jewish and other traitors to the humanity.

Heil Hitler
Adolf Eichmann
SS-Obersturmbannfuhrer



Actual photograph of the last page of the toilet paper sheets smuggled out of Eichmann's dungeon. These sheets are available to any reputable agency for checking. Ask yourselves if we would dare reproduce the actual signature if these were forged.